

# THE THOUSAND ISLES.

BY HON. CALEB LYON.

**T**HE THOUSAND ISLES, The Thousand Isles,  
Dimpled the wave around them smiles.  
Kissed by a thousand red-lipped flowers,  
Gemmed by a thousand emerald bowers,  
A thousand birds their praises wake,  
By rocky glade and plummy brake,  
A thousand cedars' fragrant shade  
Falls where the Indians' children played,  
And fancy's dream my heart beguiles  
While singing thee, The Thousand Isles.

The flag of France first o'er them hung,  
The mass was said, the vespers sung.  
The friars of Jesus hailed the strands,  
As Blessed Virgin Mary's lands,  
The red men mutely heard, surprised,  
Their heathen names all christianized.  
Next floated a banner with cross and crown,  
'Twas freedom's eagle plucked it down,  
Retaining its pure and crimson dyes  
With stars of their own their native skies.

There St. Lawrence gentlest flows,  
There the south wind softest blows,  
There the lilies whitest bloom.  
There the birch has leafiest gloom,  
There the red deer feed in Spring,  
There doth glitter wood-duck's wing,  
There leap the muskallonge at morn,  
There the loon's night song is borne,  
There is the fisherman's paradise,  
With trolling-skiff at red sunrise.

The Thousand Isles, The Thousand Isles,  
Their charm from every care beguiles.  
Titian alone hath grace to paint  
The triumph of their patron saint,  
Whose waves return on Memory's tide;  
LaSalle and Piquet, side by side  
Proud Frontenac and bold Champlain,  
There act their wanderings o'er again;  
And while their golden sunlight smiles,  
Pilgrims shall greet thee, Thousand Isles.

"And they were happy, and well content, sailing the way the river went."